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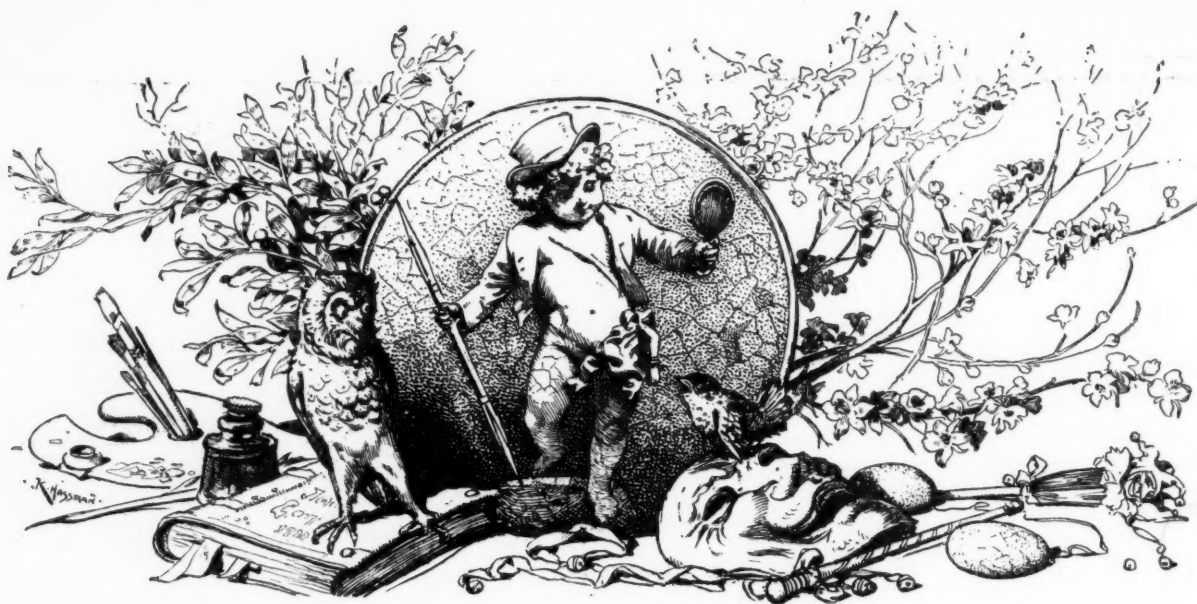
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SAINT VALENTINE NUMBER



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Cartoons and Comments

AT TIMES we have thought that President TAFT smiled too much and too good-humoredly, considering the serious nature of present-day problems, but there is no doubt of the President's right to smile, to chuckle, and to laugh out loud over the effect produced by his Canadian Reciprocity project. Just when certain insurgent Republicans were calling him down as a reactionary at heart, the President sent them scurrying for cover with a proposal more radical, more "progressive," than any ever offered for adoption during a Republican administration. Some of the most aggressive advocates of tariff reform in Congress were forced most unpleasantly into the open by President TAFT's reciprocity project. Western clamorers for a reduced tariff are now explaining that it is on Eastern products that they feel the tariff should be lowered, not on those of their own home States, and Eastern reformers have the same process of thought, with a reverse twist. President TAFT has put up to the Progressives of his party a straight test of

their sincerity. If they fall in line behind the President's plan, and ratify it, their record for consistency will bear the light of day. If not, not; and very much not. All tariff-reform papers, PUCK included, are enjoying the performance mightily. The measure of reciprocity will not pass Congress without a hard fight, but we believe it will pass unquestionably, because it is so plainly a measure of relief for that much-discussed but seldom-aided mortal, Mr. ULTIMATE CONSUMER. If it fails to pass, a movement should at once be started to amend the United States Constitution, for certainly, if a tariff wall of high altitude is a desirable thing to have between this country and Canada, we cannot longer afford to keep in the Constitution a provision which prohibits protective tariffs among the States of the Union. If free or freer trade between the States and Canada will work injury to our industries, then we are working immeasurable injury to ourselves by permitting, even encouraging, the freest of free trade in inter-State commerce.



FLIRTATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

(Reproduced from PUCK, March 2, 1904.)

COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

DEACON ELI SMATHERS," said good old Parson Bagster, in the course of a recent experience meeting in Ebenezer Chapel, "we-all would suttlingly like to yeah yo' test'mony now. Tell us, Brudder, what de Lawd has done did for yo' since last we gaddered yuh, and—why, whuh am Deacon Eli, dat he isn't wid us on dis 'casion? Anybody know what's retainin' him away?"

"I does, sah!" spoke up Rick Tarpy, who had entered in time to hear the question. Brother Tarpy, it may be stated, was a breezy person who had but recently returned from an extended tour with a minstrel company. "De deacon ain't yuh uh-kaze o' what de Lawd done did to him a spell ago."

"Lawd done did to him, sah?"

"Yassah! Everything that happens to a pusson, de Lawd's 'sponsible for it; ain't dat so?"

"Dat's so, sah! But——"

"Dat's what I un'erstood Well, 'most ever since I come home fum de minstrels de deacon has been noratin' 'round dat I's a son of Apollyon, and all sich as dat; and I stahts over yuh, aimin' to kotch him outside atter de meetin' was done and hommer him up, and mebbly git back de two dollahs he borried off 'm me when I fust come back fum de show and 'gun ter call me names when I axed him for it."

"What's dat? What's dat? Yo' did n't 'sault de deacon——?"

"No, sah! I was dess gwine to, but de Lawd beat me to him."

"Sah?"

"Lemme tell it! I stahts early, hopin' mebbly to kotch him on de way, and as I come by his place I sees him doin' 'ooman's work—milkin' de cow. He was softly singin' a hymn-tune, and de old tom-cat was hangin' 'round for de strippin's, and 'twuz all peaceful. I sawtuh drapes muhsef across de fence to jibe wid him, and dess 'bout dat time a stray dog comes rampagin' 'round de cornder o' de shed and shot for de cat, and de cat gives a screech and climbs right up de old cow's hind laig. De cow makes



a snawt and lapped her tail 'round de deacon's neck; at de same time she kicked him over, and den she drug him a piece and rammed his head into de milk bucket somehow, and run ag'in de fence, and come back and run over him bias, and dess took to chargin' back and fo'th, uh-trompin' him and uh-kickin' him like a crippled stepson, whilst de dog tried to git at de cat, and de cat hung on and danded de rang-a-tang on de cow's back. 'De Lawd have mussy!' howled the deacon. Sich-uh gwine-'round yo' never did see! And I 'spect de gen'leman dat owe me two dollahs would-uh been frailed plumb to a frazzle if de cow had n't finally busted th'oo de fence and was gone, dog, cat, and all, leavin' de deacon to pick up his remainders and crawl into de house. I did n't foller him in, uh-kase I'd done got muh money's wuth, for what de Lawd done did to Deacon Eli was mo' dan I'd uh-give him if I'd uh-had things all muh own way. Yassah, de Lawd done beat me to de deacon, and han'led him plumb to muh sadisfaction. I sho' got muh money's wuth!"

Tom P. Morgan.



FOILED.

THE CAPTAIN (1500).—So the dungeon game woud't work?

THE WARDER.—No. Somebody smuggled an empty hogshedd and a couple of wall-mottos in to the prisoner, and he thinks he's in a Rathskeller.

FIRST TO COME.

JACK FROST is an old-time swain, And in the morn we trace, Left silent on the window-pane, His valentine of lace.

TO A SUFFRAGETTE.

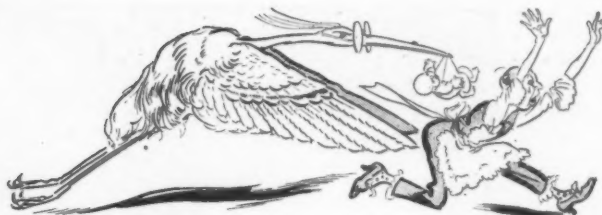
LOVED Suffragette, be mine!
For you alone I crave,
Oh, let me be your Valentine,
Your husband and your slave,
I'll be a model spouse and true,
My duties never shirk,
And be on hand to welcome you
When you come home from work.

I'll miss you when you go each day
Downtown to business, Dear,
But shopping and the matinee
My lonesome hours will cheer.
And Darling, when at set of sun
You homeward wend your way,
What joy to know your work is done!
(But bring home all your pay.)

Life's stream is full of giddy whirls,
And, since you earn the grub,
You'll doubtless want to join the girls
Some evenings at the club;
So, when my heart for you doth yearn,
And in your absence aches,
The manly game of Bridge I'll learn,
And you'll provide the stakes.

Then be my own sweet Suffragette!
And quickly we will wed;
And I, for love of you, will let
You earn the daily bread.
You will, of course, when you're my wife,
The trousers take, and wear 'em,
And we will live a childless life,
For babes—well, I can't bear 'em!

J. Adair Strawson.



AN OLD STORY EVER NEW.

"**H**ERE is a nice fresh mess of pottage*" re-marked Jacob†, ingratiatingly. Esau's‡ mouth at once began to water. "Ah—yum!" he ejaculated. "Will you give me your birthright for it?" asked Jacob. "Sure thing! I can't eat my birthright," answered Esau, and while the day might come when he would rue the bargain, for the present nothing could convince him but that he was the gainer.

* Prosperity. † The Interests. ‡ The Plain People.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON.—You provoke me till I am absolutely beside myself!
MR. SCRAPPINGTON.—Then stand off a little way from yourself and see how ridiculous you look!

DOUBT.

TEACHER.—And did you make out a list of the nine greatest men in the history of the world, as I told you?
WILLIE.—Almost. I can't pick out the best catcher, though, to save my neck.

So hardly does the average man stand prosperity that there are few banners which victory can perch on without causing them to sag sadly.

JUST A VALENTINE.



BRIGHTEST hours, O happy chimes,
O burning flame of love;
O Lydian airs, Arcadian climes.
Entwining hearts above.
O pastoral meads, O hand-in-hand,
Anticipated bliss;
Two souls in one, bucolic times,
The memory of a kiss!

O Lovey-Mushy-Ducky-Sweet,
O amorous purling streams;
O cardiac affection neat,
O blissful thoughts in dreams.
O Cupids, doves, enchanted bowers
Affinity divine:

I don't know what this truck all means,—
It's just a Valentine!

F. D. Abrams.

HAD IT HAPPENED IN 1911.

AS THE sculptor left the studio and locked the door after him, the newly-finished Venus de Milo gave a critical glance at her reflection in a mirror on the opposite wall. She seemed greatly disturbed. At last she spoke:

"What frightful hips! And they are too, too solid to reduce! Oh, that wretch of a sculptor! What shall I do?"

Frantically, and in wild despair, she massaged her hips until her weary arms fell off. There was no improvement. Once more there came a cold, stony look, as of marble, upon her lovely face, and she spake no more.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

MRS. VAN FLASHINGTON (*at the Charity Ball, condescendingly*).—Do you think you can do proper justice to my gown and my jewels, Miss Wright?

WOMAN REPORTER (*meanly*).—I fancy I wasn't a circus press-agent two years for nothing!



THE QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE:

"IS DINNER READY YET?"

TWO BILLIONS of dollars spent annually in Europe by citizens and ex-citizens of the United States—and all we get in return is a few cholera cases, picture postals, and wife murderers.



RODNEY DANTY

HOSPITALITY.

THE SUBURBAN HOST WHO ENTERTAINS YOU WITH A WINTER WALK.

Fallen angels are n't so bad, where they've fallen hard enough to jolt them.

The Next Thing in American Grand Opera.



Uncle Tom's Cabin.

THE first performance on any stage of the American Grand Opera, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, will occur at the Nitropolitan Opera House to-morrow evening.

The composition is the work of Signor Giacomo Usheeni, and its three acts follow in some

Umph, whose glorious organ will do full justice to the sharp, cacophonous phrases of the New England spinster,

The name of Mlle. Mathilde Pernambucto-Cornenwartz will carry much weight with music lovers in the part of *Elisa*; Signor Muzzi-Buzzi will be *Marks, the Lawyer*; Herr Andreas Pim-

well remembered, will have the touching rôle of *Little Eva*.

The orchestra, numbering four hundred players, will be led by Conductor Hertzi-like-thunder in front, and Toscasomethingorother in the rear. It will have the addition of many new instruments for the purpose of giving the true American color, namely: Five goldarnophones, ten steam calliopes, one full-sized matter-horn, two cotton-gins, four steamboat sirens, two steam drills, forty-four whip-crackers for the Simon Legree motif, a round dozen double-thick Harveyized pot-lids, and fourteen flare-bottomed plinky-plunks with double-back-action, placquet-shaped sounding-boards.

Signor Usheeni will be present in person, and with the heads of the various departments will bow and receive floral tributes after each act.

Owing to the great interest manifested, the price of seats has been sextupled, and the house has been sold out for the first night, with the exception of a few of the one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar seats.

Harvey Peake.



Monsieur Rumbleround as Uncle Tom; Herr Andreas Pimple as Simon Legree.



Signor Giacomo Usheeni.

few instances the text of the original work by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

As it is founded upon a strictly American theme, it will be sung in Italian by a company of French, Italian, German, Spanish, Bohemian, Rumanian, Algerian, and Japanese singers. Its scenery was painted in Milan, its costumes made in Paris, its orchestra selected from the capitals of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, and its conductors and technical directors secured from Berlin, Rome, Brussels, and St. Petersburg.

This carefully selected artistic force will give it the real American atmosphere without the clumsy, bungling aid of the American aspirant.

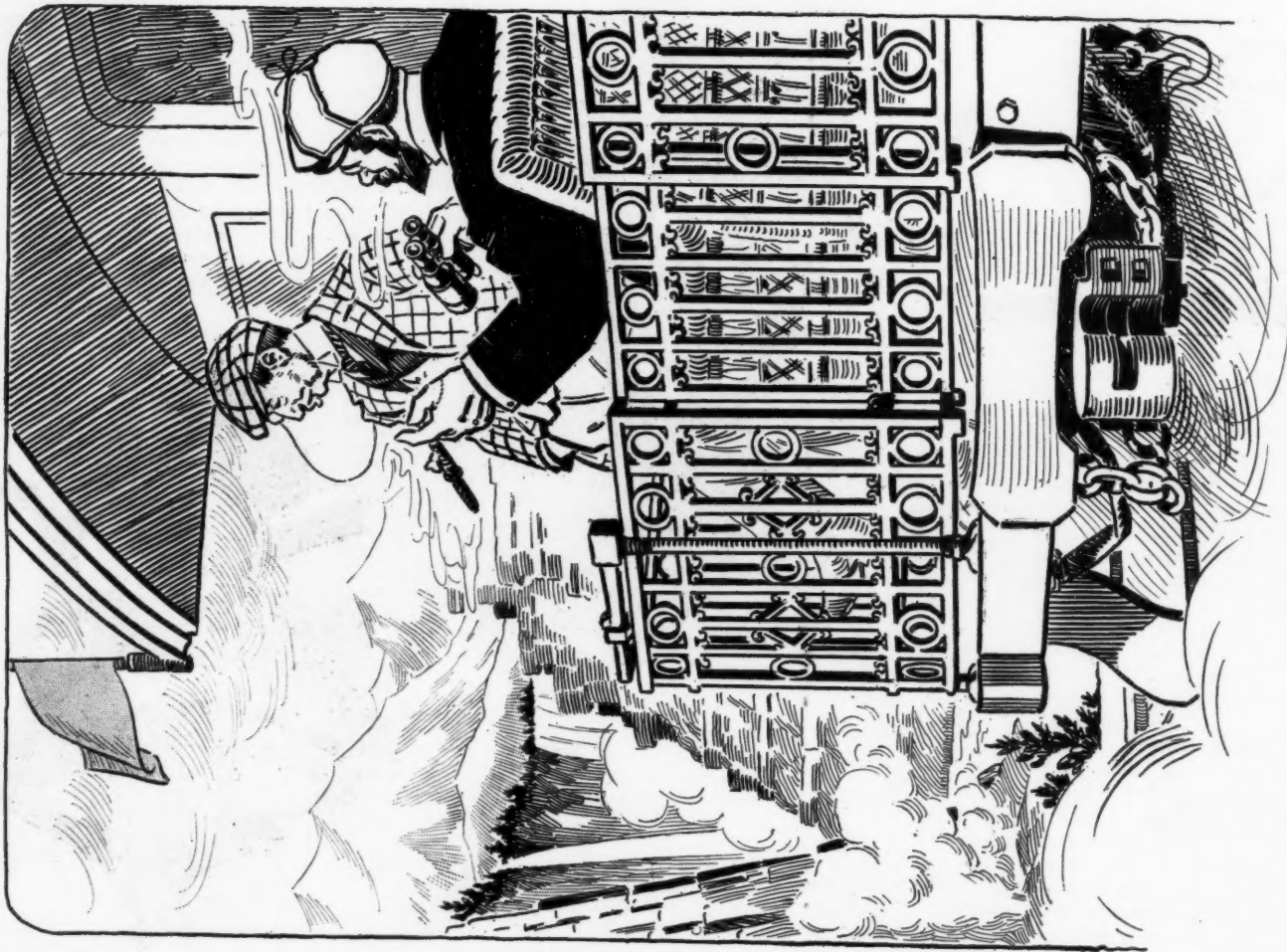
The wonderful cast that will visualize the ante-bellum characters of the Southland are as follows: *Topsy* will be sung by Signorina Pizzicatti of Naples, who has been selected for the rôle because she is a woman of great beauty and queenly dignity and will bring to the part all the pomp and grandeur that it demands. *Miss Ophelia* will be interpreted by Madam Rustler-

ple, *Simon Legree*; Monsieur Rumbleround is expected to add another portrait to his gallery of great characters in the part of *Uncle Tom*; and Frau Butz, whose splendid achievement as the towering *Brunhilde* in *Die Walkure* is so

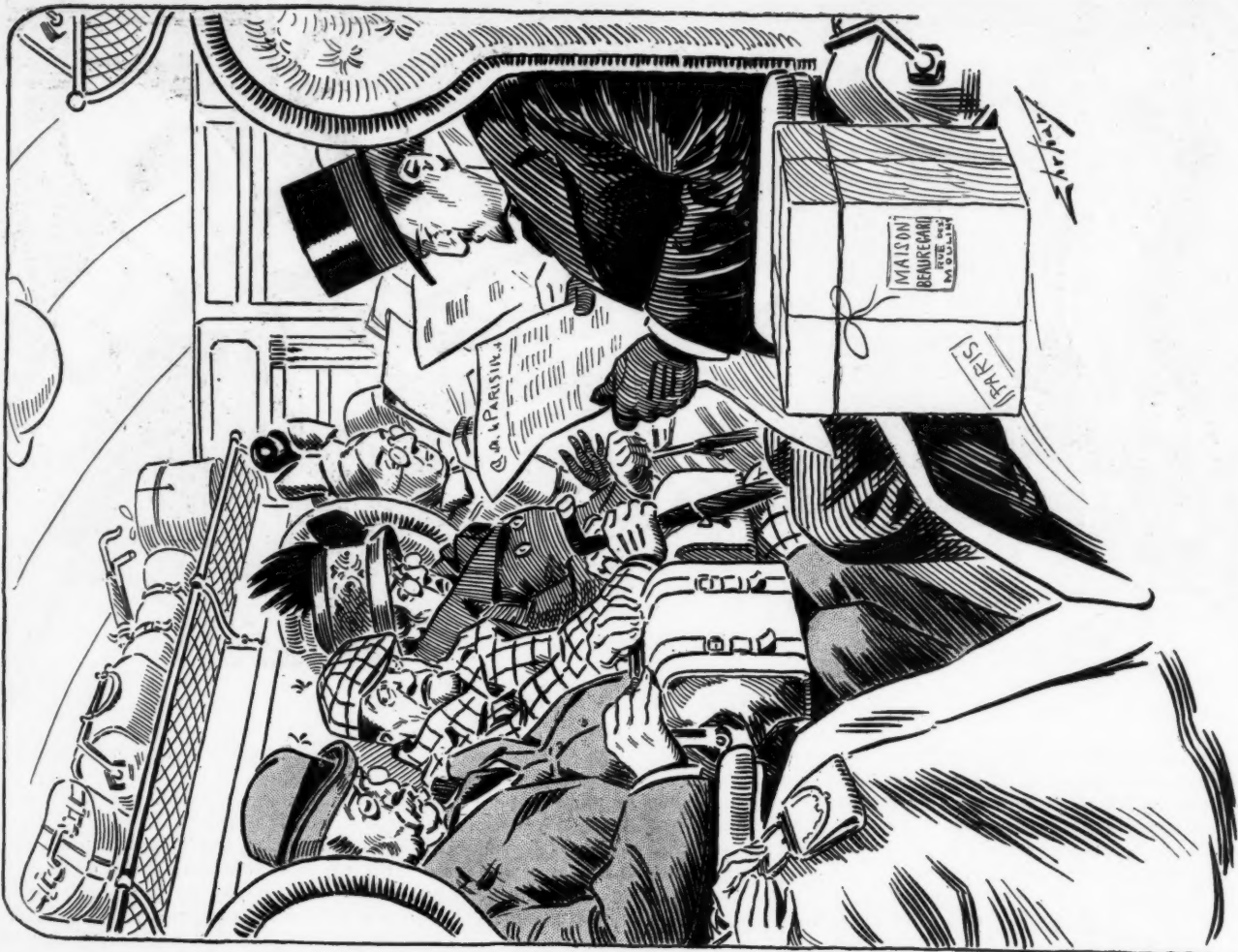


Frau Butz as Little Eva.

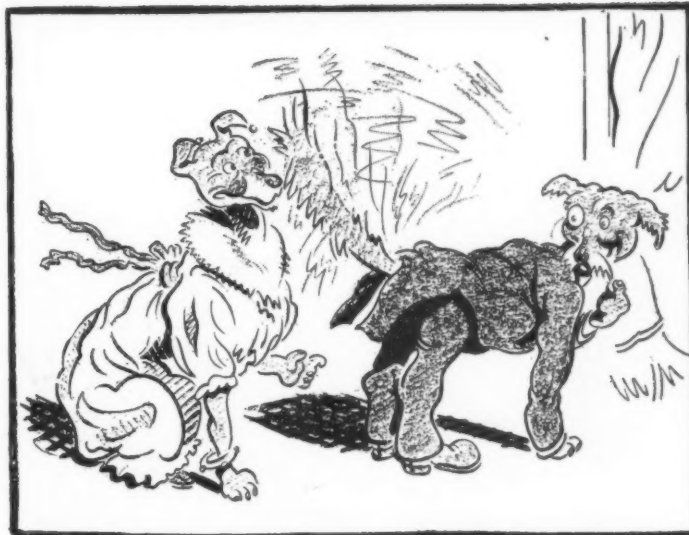
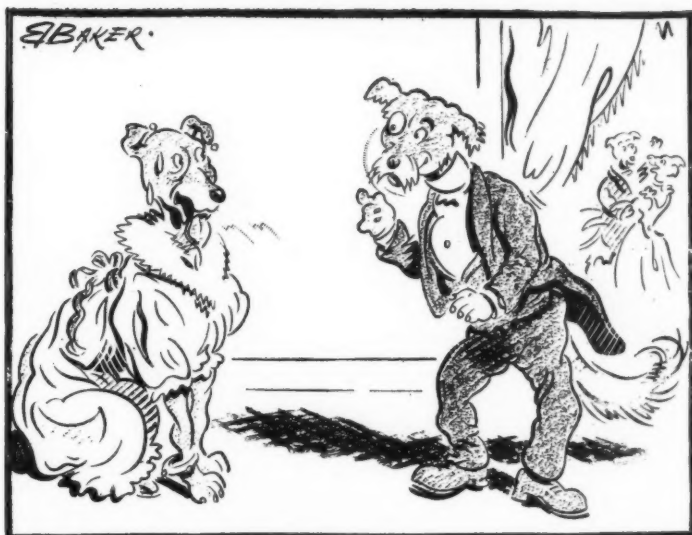
Seeing America versus Seeing Europe.



THE EUROPEAN SEES AMERICA.



THE AMERICAN SEES EUROPE.



AT THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE DOG-BISCUIT ASSOCIATION.

Mr. KIVI.—Allow me to get you a fan, Miss Pup. It's very warm.

Mr. KIVI.—The fans were all in use, Miss Pup, but my tail will answer!

TALK THAT TALKS.

IF you would now be erudite
And stand in with the gang,
You must get busy with the dope
And sling the classy slang.
It's got us going,—and then some,
It's got our talk for fair,
Without it you are to the bad,
And won't get anywhere.
Your girl's a little bear or skirt,
Or Kiddo,—Oh, you kid!
To be polite you show a front,
Your Kelly's now a lid.
Your friends are to the good, or straight,
Or on the Fritz—among
The dippy in the foolish box,
Or in some manner stung.
You once were wont to walk and run,
Or eke, perhaps, pursue;
You beat it now or chase yourself,
Or ramble or skiddoo.
There was a time—with your wife's friends—
You went and took a drink;
You gargle now or lap highballs
With some booze fighting gink.
Believe me, it is true, get wise,
And cinch it all by rote,
For if you don't, it's nix for yours,—
It sure will get your goat.

Powell T. Manning.

AS TO POETRY.

ACERTAIN blacksmith, living once upon a time,
had a son who fancied he was a poet.
But upon reading the boy's effusions the old
man at once perceived that there was a mistake
somewhere.

"You lack passion, sir!" he objected.

"Precisely!" rejoined the son, proudly.
"Passion, so far from being necessary, is down-
right detrimental. Passion is what has made
poetry unsuitable for the young person and
others."

The blacksmith pondered. "Sir," quoth he
at length, "here is a bar of crude iron. Make
me a horseshoe of it."

And though the boy felt himself much too
good for such work, he proceeded to do as
he was bid. That is, he lighted a fire in the
forge. But right there his hand was stayed.

"Hammer it out of cold iron!" directed the
blacksmith.

"That cannot be done!" the boy protested.

"But it can! Take your hammer and go at
it!" insisted the old man.

Thus commanded, the son fell to with lusty
strokes, and by dint of much toil succeeded in
forming the semblance of a horseshoe.

"It is a poor thing! It has cost twenty

THE PINK OF POLITENESS.



"HELLO! IS THIS MISS SMITH?"

VALUABLE KNOWLEDGE.

AND these?" we asked, as we were ushered
into a room filled with children deeply
immersed in study.

"They are learning," said the principal, "the
difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!"

We were not a little struck. "But is the
game," we objected, "worth the candle?"

"Oh, entirely so!" rejoined the principal.
"When they grow up they will be able, with a
very little assistance from the agent, to dis-
tinguish a car of the current year's model from
a car of the year previous, thus to save them-
selves much humiliation and loss of social rating."

IN 1950.

MRS. WOGGS.—She is enormously wealthy.
MRS. BOGGS.—Yes. She was an only
wife, you know!



"GOOD MORNING, MISS SMITH!"

Often a sinner with a big heart is a far better companion than a saint with
a big pocketbook.



THE PUCK PRESS

IT WAS ABOUT TIME H
SAM VAN WINKLE FINDS A LOT OF HUSTLING STRA



OUT TIME HE WOKE UP.
OF HUSTLING STRANGERS IN HIS PLACE AT THE INN.



WEEK BEGINNING FEBRUARY SIXTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Chauncey Olcott in "Barry of Ballymore." Evenings 8:15. An Irish comedy.

Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Boss," with Holbrook Blinn. Evening 8:15. A play of labor conditions.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.

Bijou, Bway and 30th. Henry Miller in "The Havoc." Evenings 8:30. A modern drama.

Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings at 8. A musical panorama in wine pictures.

Casino, Bway and 30th. "Marriage à la Carte," with Emmy Wehlen and Harry Conor. Evenings 8:15. A new musical comedy.

Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do." Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting New York and Nevada.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. Otis Skinner in "Sire." Evenings 8:15. Henry Lavedan's comedy.

Daly's, Bway and 30th. William Faversham in "The Faun." Evenings 8:30. A new comedy by Edward Knobloch.

Empire, Bway and 40th. Ethel Barrymore in "Trelawny of the 'Wells.'" Evenings 8:15. Sir A. W. Pinero's comedy.

Gaiety, Bway and 40th. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence man.

Garden, Madison Sq and 27th. Ernest von Possart in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Garrick, 35th bet. 5th and 6th Aves. "Our World." Evenings 8:20. A new play by Walter Hackett.

George M. Cohan's. George M. Cohan in "The Lovesick Kings." Opening date announced later.

Globe, Bway and 46th. Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess," with Joseph Cawthorne. Evenings 8:20. A new musical mixture.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "The Commuters." Evenings 8:15. A play of suburban life.

Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8:20. A new farcical comedy.

Hammerstein's Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. Grace Van Studdford in "The Paradise of Mahomet." Evenings 8:15. Opera bouffé by Planquette.

Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d and 44th. "The International Cup." Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.

Hudson, Bway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.

Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. Matheson and Murray, Edward Abeles, Schwartz and Williams. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Knickerbocker, Bway and 39th. Maude Adams in "Chantecler." Edmond Rostand's dramatization. Evenings at 8.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.

Among the White Lights.



XV.—MIZZIE HAJÓS IN SHUBERT'S MUSICAL REVUE.

Shubert's New Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. Musical Revue with Kitty Gordon, Mizzie Hajós, and others. Daily Matinee. Evenings 8:15.

Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "Pomander Walk," with the original English company. Evenings at 8:15. A comedy of happiness.

Weber's, Bway and 29th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Truly Shattuck and John McCloskey. Evenings 8:15. A German farce with music. L. H.



CUTTING THE FIGURE EIGHT.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Billy Burke in "Suzanne." Evenings 8:20. A new comedy from the French.

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A drama built on the badger game.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.

Nazimova's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "Baby Mine." Evenings 8:15. A comedy farce.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Madame Sherry," with Lina Abarbanell and Ralph Herz. Evenings 8:15. A musical show.

New Theatre, Cent. Park West, 63d and 63d Sts. New Theatre Stock Co. in "The Piper" and "The Blue Bird." Evenings 8:30.

New York, Bway and 45th. Emma Trentini in "Naughty Marietta," with Orville Harrold. Evenings 8:10. A comic opera in English.

Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

TIPPED.

"Why do you wait?" the wise man asked.
"I'm staying for information,"
The waiter said, "about your views
On table levitation."

UNLIKE MOST.

WILLIS.—Bumpus is one of the oddest men I ever saw.
GILLIS.—How so?
WILLIS.—Why, when a fellow borrows a quarter and does n't pay it back, Bumpus finally admits that it is the quarter he cares about, and not the principle of the thing.

THE CALL TO SACRIFICE.

THE chieftain of the deleterious germs was come at length to the end of his resources. Apparently, the game was up.
"We are discovered!" he exclaimed dejectedly. "That

is to say, if there are more than 500,000,000 of us in a millimeter of milk, the stuff is thrown in the sewer and we are foiled of our prey!"

But suddenly a happy thought struck him. "Why cannot a few millions of us in each millimeter go disguised, and thus fool the bacteriologists?" To think was to act. He sprang upon his feet. His voice rang out like a clarion.

"How many germs," he demanded, "will volunteer to wear silk hats and frock coats and try to look respectable for the common weal?"



PUCK

A SENSE OF HUMOR.

WHEN a man steps forward and boldly proclaims that he has a sense of humor, you can pretty safely write him down as one who possesses no such thing. He is confusing a sense of humor with something else. It may be that he has just deftly removed the chair from the place where an aged intending sitter supposed it to be. Possibly his conception of a sense of humor is to cry "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Or yet, perchance, he has just concluded a wheelbarrow trip from New York to Poughkeepsie, either upon or behind the vehicle, according as he was Republican or Democrat in his betting. All these are joyful flashes of *esprit*, but do not necessarily imply a sense of humor.

There are few men who do not believe themselves to possess this rather vague thing called a sense of humor. Few there are, indeed, who do not believe themselves gifted with a sense of humor of a uniquely delicate and felicitous brand. Other people may have a sense of humor, though it is hard to believe it, but no one has just that peculiar flavor and tang that exist in ours. Two men, each claiming this special gift, cannot remain long in each other's company without coming to blows about their senses of humor; by which event is proved without any further effort that both are totally devoid of such a sense, or of any sense except combativeness and gall.

Man is a perverse creature. If he is virtuous, he will generally brag most outrageously about his sinfulness. If he is naturally shifty and unreliable, he will pose as the soul of honor. If stingy, he will advertise his alleged benevolence. If he sings a good tenor in the club quartet, but cannot dance for shucks, he will try to figure prominently on every ball-room floor. The barber thinks he would make an admirable editor. The frail society person sighs for a buccaneering life on the Spanish Main, or what remains of it. And so, by this perverse instinct, or that queer fatality that makes a man claim vociferously the particular accomplishment which he lacks, most men claim to possess a sense of humor. Which is exactly what most men do not have.

You come to me, John Edward, and tell me that what distinguishes you most from the common run is your beautiful sense of humor. I do not believe you, because I know that I myself have the only case on record of what you are describing; but I am willing to look into your life a little, and test the truth of your assertion. What do I find? John Edward, for the last three years your wife has been supporting you while you have been engaged on your monumental work, which would make a fortune for your publishers. and you, though not necessarily also for your wife. It would also make the world happier, though no such promise is held out to your wife. Well, the book is not yet written. I believe you have completed the first chapter. You cannot definitely say when

the monumental work will be completed. If it were completed, however, it would teach the virtue of Self-Reliance. And for three years, John Edward, you have n't done a stroke. Is that your sense of humor?

Archibald James, I turn to you. Oft have I heard you interrupt the flowing thoughts of others to warn them that you possess, whatever your shortcomings may be, the heavenly saving grace of a sense of humor. Nobody ever believed you, Archibald James, but that signifieth not. Had you been correct in your assumption, you would have been not more believed. But, young man, I have been looking into your claim. I find that you were a close acquaintance of another young man who was trying to write plays. He worked hard and earnestly; but all he ever got from you was a jubilant jeer, complemented by the advice that he might find driving an express wagon more in the line of his talents. Yet the young man went on, Archibald James, and finally landed one of his plays. It made a hit. Everybody talked about it. Seats were selling three months in advance. Then what did you do? Are you not the gentleman who wrote a little note to the playwright, reminding him of your constancy and helpful thought-waves, and asking him to favor you with a box for Wednesday evening? You wrote those words, did you not? Where, oh where, Archibald, was your beautiful sense of humor?

It may be difficult to say just what a sense of humor is, or who has it; but it is not difficult to say what a sense of humor is not, or who has it not. Politicians, as a class, have



EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE.

no sense of humor. If they had, they would n't be politicians. So with ministers. So with physicians. Also with actors, especially comedians. True also of newspaper men, especially paragraphers and editorial writers. If any of these



IN THE GALLERY.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE.—Hey, lady! Take off the lid an' give yer rats a chance to see the show!

had anything faintly resembling a sense of humor they could n't stay in the business.

I'm whittling this down pretty fine. I want to get at the real possessors of a sense of humor by a process of elimination. Eliminate the man who laughs at jokes in the comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper. Eliminate also the man who does not laugh at them, because they are certainly laughable, though not the way they were intended to be. Eliminate him who chuckles at the man who is chasing his hat down the street. Also the man who is chasing the hat. Likewise the hat. That does n't leave much; but it is pretty safe deletion.

A person slips on a banana peel. Who laughed? He has no sense of humor. What did the man who slipped say? Away with him also; he has no sense of humor.

This process of elimination is great. I am now ready to ask the important question of myself: "Who has a sense of humor?"

And perhaps there are some who have suspected from the very first that I intended all along to come to my rescue with the reply: "Well, I have!"

Freeman Tilden.

FRANKENSTEIN.

THERE was a man in our town
Who wrote a book, and made
A very, very great mistake—
He called a spade a spade.
For our town is prudish—
He erred in being brave;
The spade it turned on him and dug
His literary grave.

CORNERED.

WE SUSPECTED, the adage to the contrary notwithstanding, that Fate was not a fiddler at all, and we resolved to puncture his pretensions. "Kindly favor us," we sarcastically requested, "with the Mocking-Bird and Variations!" The result was as we foresaw. Fate turned red, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, scraped a few flourishes, and at last owned that he was n't equal to the test.

You are pretty sure to make trouble by advising the average man to use his own best judgment.



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SHE.—I thought the heading the best part of your poem.
HE.—I'm sorry you think so. The editor put that on.—*Evening Sun.*

"KATHERINE SHREWSBURY is engaged to be married."
"Who is the lucky man?"
"Her father!"—*Town Topics.*

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"So Glad You Happened In, Mamma! Harry and I Were Afraid We Were Going to Be All Alone this Evening."

"Take a Seat, Madam; Your Change Will Be Back in a Moment."

"I Shall Call Your Attention Briefly this Morning, My Friends, to the Following Passage in the Lesson Just Read."

"Mrs. Vere de Vere Deeply Regrets That She Will Be Unable to Accept Mrs. Shykes's Kind Invitation for Next Thursday Evening."

"Mr. Isaacs, a Friend Wants Me to Find Out How Much He Can Raise on this Watch."

"Gentlemen of the Jury, All I Ask for My Client Is Justice."

"I Just Dote on Shelley; Don't You!"—*Chicago Tribune.*



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Oh, mum, the cat 's 'ad chickens!"

"Nonsense, Jane; you mean kittens!"

"What was it master brought 'ome last night, mum?"

"Why, chickens, of course."

"Well, mu-mu-mum, it's 'ad 'em!"—*The Tatler.*

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PLACED.

MRS. B.—Is she a Mary of the vine-clad cottage?

MRS. M.—No, a Martha of the rubber-plant flat.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Here's to Woman—the fairest work of the Great Author. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

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A WELL-KNOWN New Yorker, now dead, who during his lifetime bore the appellation "Silent," was accustomed to employ various means to deliver himself from bores and time-wasters.

On one occasion, when the New Yorker was putting in his vacation in New England, there was one native so bold as to visit the taciturn man at his bungalow.

"How did ye get along with him?" asked some one, when the bold one returned.

"Fine!" said the visitor. "Fellows, I've often heard that that man was a sullen cuss, but I want t' tell you that he is one of the politest fellows I ever saw! I hadn't been settin' chattin' with him more'n ten minutes before he'd asked me five or six times to come an' see him again."—*Lippincott's*.

LITIGANT.—Your fee is outrageous. Why, it's more than three-fourths of what I recovered.

LAWYER.—I furnished the skill and the legal learning for your case.

LITIGANT.—But I furnished the case.

LAWYER.—Oh, anybody can fall down a coal-hole.—*Boston Transcript*.

THOROUGHLY BRITISH.

HICKS.—Did you ever see any one so uncompromisingly English as Perkins?

WICKS.—No. And I never saw any one with any pretension to style make such a ridiculous breach of good form as he did yesterday. He appeared in full dress at two o'clock in the afternoon.

HICKS.—That's all right from his standpoint. It was after six London time, you know. —*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"MARY, is there a single good thing about these great wide hats that women are wearing?"

"Yes, John, there is: When two women meet they can't kiss each other now."—*Vogue*.

"Nice car."

"Yes."

"It is the latest thing in cars?"

"I guess so. It has never gotten me anywhere on time yet."—*Houston Post*.

Milo

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HARD-HEARTED JUDGE.

THE SYMPATHETIC PAL.—Wotcher, Bill? You looks bad. Been laid up?

BILL.—Yus, sort of. 'Avent been outer doors fer free munfs.

THE SYMPATHETIC PAL.—Wot was the matter wiv yer?

BILL.—Nuffin; only the judge wouldn't believe it.—*The Sketch*.

SHE.—And would you really put yourself out for my sake?

HE.—Indeed I would.

SHE.—Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy.—*Purple Cow*.

Is it a compliment to Rhode Island to have the census people announce that its population takes first place in "density"?—*Chicago Evening Post*.

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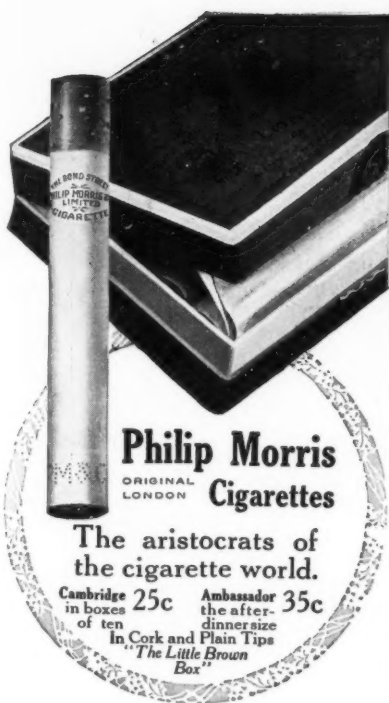


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"FATHER," said Willie, "what's the difference between a sanitarium and a sanatorium?"

"Oh, about five dollars a day," said Mr. Billups.—*Harper's Weekly*.

SHOP ASSISTANT (to purchaser of widow's bonnet).—Would you like to try it on before the glass, madam?

CUSTOMER.—No, thank you, miss; it ain't for me. I wish it was.—*Stray Stories*.

PUTTING IN THE TIME.

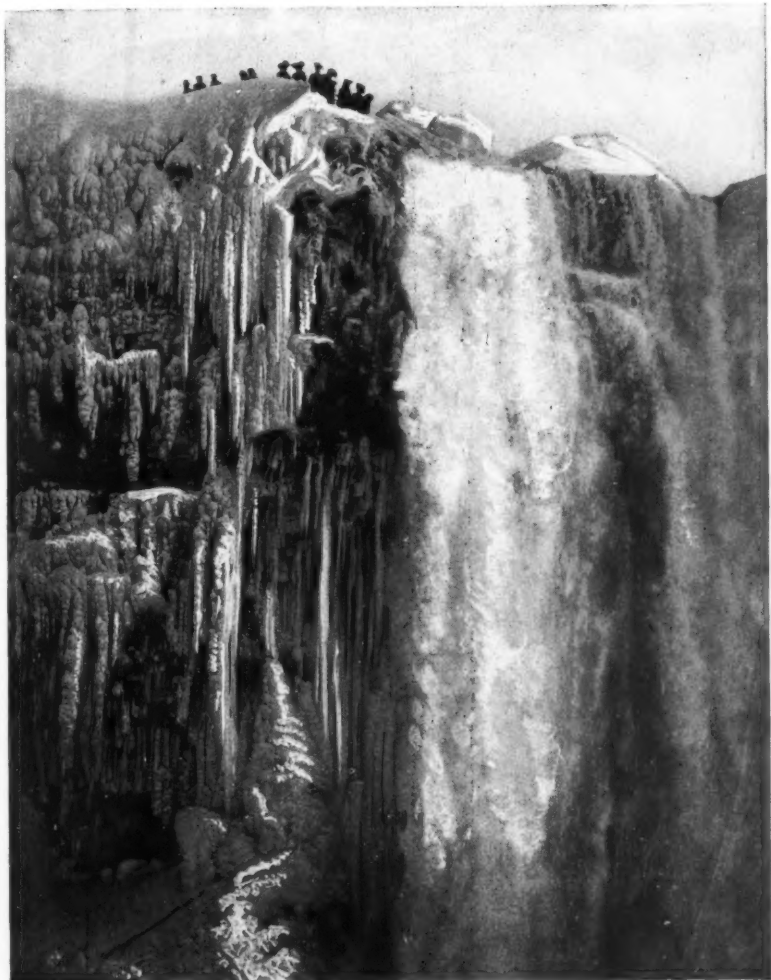
A gentleman was engaging a general man and telling him what he wanted him to do. "You will have to clean the windows and the boots and the knives and go messages, chop wood, cut short grass, mind the horse and pony, look after the garden and keep the house supplied with vegetables, and do any odd job that is required, and if suitable you will get ten shillings a week."

"Is there any clay in the garden?" asked the man.

"What makes you ask that?" asked the gentleman.

"I was thinking I could make bricks in my spare time," said the man.—*Sacramento Union*.

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the skin.

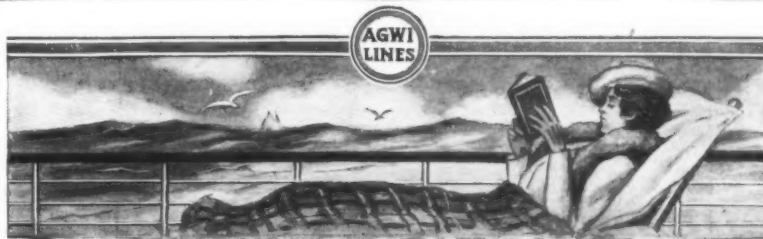
Pears' is pure soap of
gentle character.

Sold everywhere.

TURN ABOUT.

DREMER.—Did you ever think what you'd do if you had Rockefeller's income?

MUGLEY.—Yes, and I've often wondered what he'd do if he had mine.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



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MUTUAL.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Grouchy, "I don't like the looks of that man who called on you last night."

"Well, well," replied Bridget, "ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same about you."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

AND THE GAME ENDED.

The stranger laid down four aces and scooped in the pot.

"This game ain't on the level," protested Sagebrush Sam, at the same time producing a gun to lend force to his accusation. "That ain't the hand I dealt ye."—*Lippincott's*.

EARNEST PILGRIM.—Please send a large bunch of roses to this address and charge it to me.

CLERK.—Yes sir. And your name?

EARNEST PILGRIM.—Oh, never mind the name, she'll understand.—*Lampoon*.

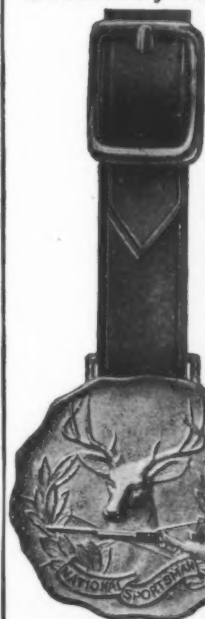
EDITOR.—Did you ever submit that poem to anyone else before?

POET.—No sir.

EDITOR.—How did you come to get that black eye?—*Columbia Jester*.

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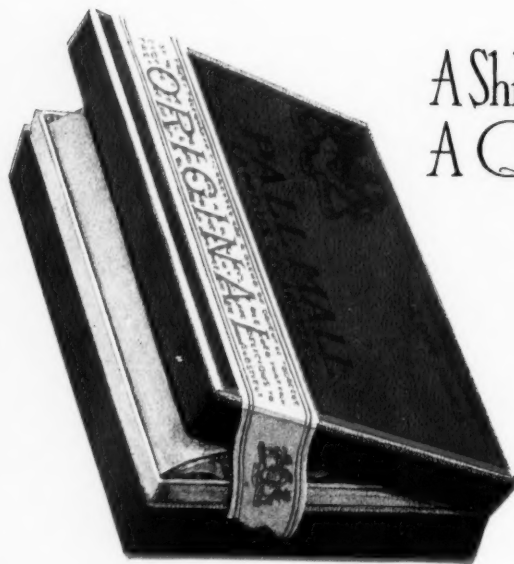
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